

 **caliber**

COMPOSITION BOOK

SCRIBBLING

MADNESS

Book 1

SPRING 2011

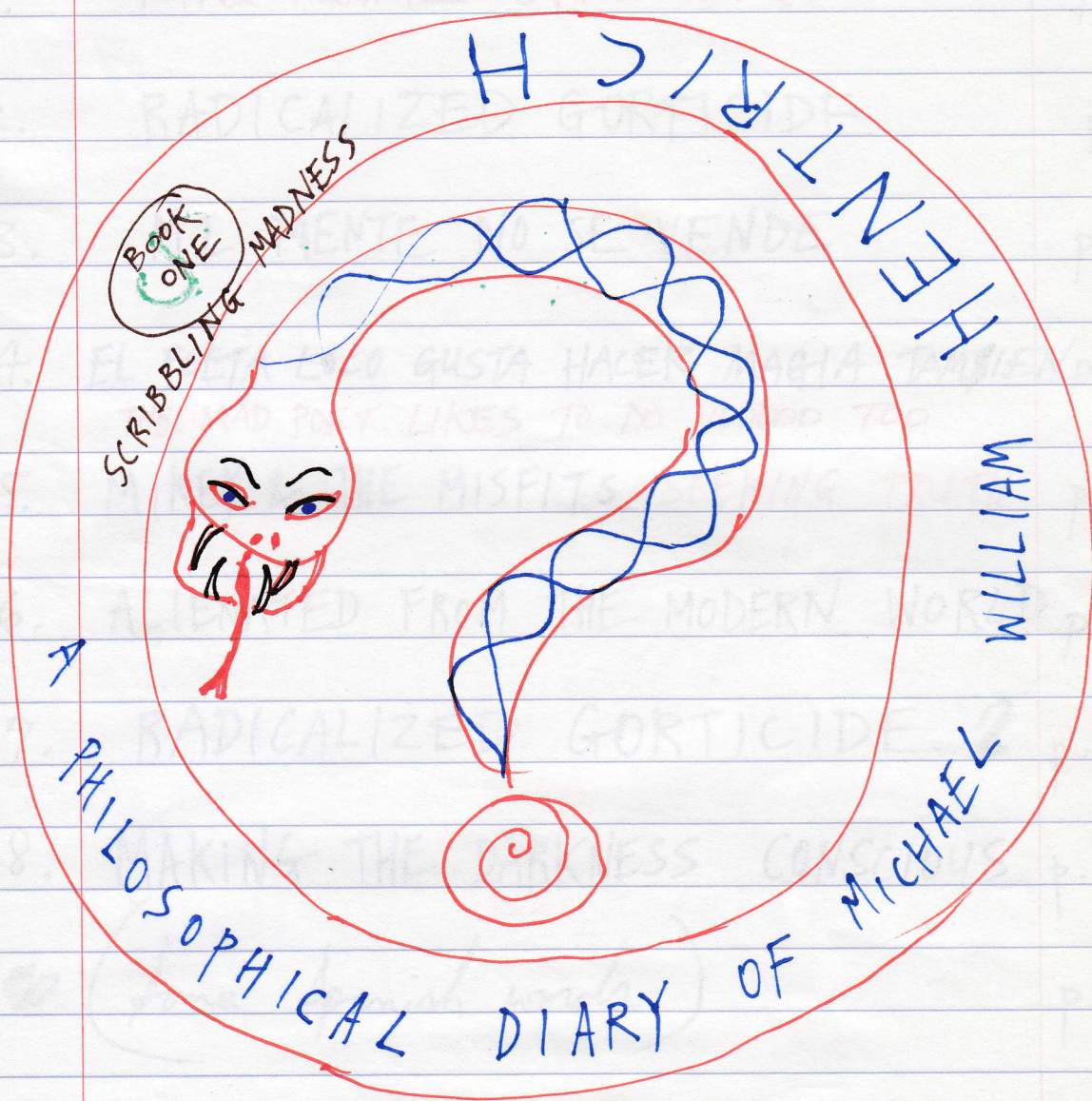
**Wide Ruled
100 Sheets**

9.75 in x 7.5 in (24.8 cm x 19 cm)

Scribbling Madness

Book One

Spring 2011



{ 1 }

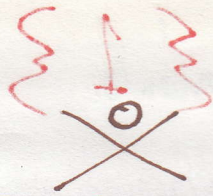
FIRE-FLAME SPITTER

3 May 2011 Tuesday

Today is a major breakthrough day for me. I still face the same limitations as far as debts and available funds go, but as I now wake up in downtown Freehold, there was no need to catch a bus ... I am exactly where I want to be on the 3rd of the month when the government relief funds become available.

Waiting for the new refrigerator to arrive is slowing me down, which actually is not such a bad deal since I want the refrigerator to be cold before loading it with groceries.

New refrigerator is in kitchen. Realization: if I learn to write in Spanish, this would add a dimension to my privacy (on the one hand) and intimacy on the other. I want to talk I deep with THE PEOPLE.



FIRE-FLAME SPITTER

I want to make clear to GG's that I did not mean I am a member of any gang or religion when I mentioned being ^{the} ~~small~~ percentage of the population who is thinking independently.

I'll be more careful when engaging in conversation with Lonnie, but he surely is some Dostoyevskian villain, no? Is it possible to "heal" him of the demon?

Lonnie, like most males who identify themselves as "white" and ~~imagined~~ have believed the false concepts of a supposed "white race," feels HATED by people of color and thereby HATES people of color.

He hates people of color not because of their color but because of his lack of color.

Such hatred depresses me and has
always depressed me, and as vulgar
and far hateful as Longie's outbursts are,
I sympathize with the experience of
being REJECTED, viewed
as a mere DOG-OF-A-MAN
by people of color.

WOLF-MAN, DOG-MAN, BEASTMAN,
WHITE-MAN, 'WHITE-BOY', WHITE-DOG!

I may invest in the book HISTORY OF
WHITED PEOPLE where a woman from
Newark (woman of African heritage)
proposes that RACE is an
IDEA.

In my depressing encounter with my
childhood friend, neighbor, old
feelings surfaced, feelings I
may have had experienced in
jails, institutions, and the streets,
feelings I may repress but
still seek psychological insight
into the collective complexes of our society.
I look into

The abuse towards people of color extends to the entire Natural World of which we are all individual manifestations.

There was a time when an encounter / conversation like the one I had with Lonnie, where he used the -big-N word with such hatred, that I would have been overwhelmed with sorrow, depression, and anxiety and want to crawl into a cave and hide.

And yet since I have been and continue to be very focused on this very emotional plague of hatred of itself - continuously and in an almost obsessive / compulsive / passionate manner, I am not overwhelmed. I protect my spirit for I am in a place where spirits get eaten.

I am able to consider the encounter as data / experience / experience - data which only validates the necessity of the cosmic task of confronting the hatred which has pretty much destroyed this species' ability to survive upon this earth.

X^o

One profound implication of realizing
"race" is not a reality, but
a perception is the fact that
our species is an animal
species, not "part animal",
but ALL ANIMAL.
We are 100% animal,
through and through.

We are peculiar, fascinating,
tragic, and often quite
psychologically troubled due
to our huge brains,
which are 9 minutes out of 10
in a state of anxiety or ennui.

ennui → /on wē/ BOREDOM
~~dis~~ dis-satisfaction.

I wonder if there is an "art" to not
taking life too seriously or not taking
these emotional plagues and
epidemics of hatred personally.

DIGNITY, The reward of psychological insight is ~~to~~
self-love, & the ability to LAUGH & CRY.

Paula of Park Place appears to be a little naive. I mean, she really has no idea of the depth of my worldview. These professionals underestimate just how radicalized a man I am. I live my philosophy. I am like an insurrectionary slave. Nell Painter's The History of White People is filling many gaps, and I feel honored to be one destined to embrace her research and spread truth.



6 May 2011 Friday

Doing a little arithmetic concerning the outpatient treatment center, Park Place in Asbury Park: \$9000-10,000 per head per month

\$10,000 x 70 heads → \$700,000 per month

That's \$8,400,000 per year! Eight million dollars

per year for Twelve Step NONSENSE and psychiatric tyranny. I will go in next week with some kind of written letter

explaining my reasons for wanting to end my "treatment". What will the SSA do with

me if I reject the "MYTH OF MENTAL ILLNESS"? It is very difficult to

live on social security even as it is quite a bit more than what the PEOPLE or GA welfare gets.

X

Meanwhile, even as, according to the mental health professionals, I am, I "struggling", I am preparing my mind for retaliation, making breakthroughs in the depth of my understanding of reality. I have great contempt for cowards, conformists, and "tools".

I wish I had access to Nell Painter's research when I was a teenager for it answers many questions and validates my sense of kinship with Native Americans.

There are parallels between Caesar's war of conquest and the "Indian" wars of North America with Gauls/Germans cast as Indians and Vercingetorix as the Seneca Chief Pontiac, the Apache chief Geronimo, or the Lakota (Sioux) chief Sitting Bull at Wounded Knee: all valiant, but all defeated. What happened to natives ^(America) 500

years ago happened to natives of northern Europe thousands of years ago (3000 ya?). Caesar's Gallic War foreshadows and parallels chapters in the history of the USA, in which US Americans play Caesar's imperial role.



8 May 2011 Sunday

Nell Painter points out that, in imperial Rome's account of the "barbaric Germanic tribes," an eagerness to fight is respected as "masculine," while a peaceful demeanor is viewed as "effeminate." Even with Native American culture, I have witnessed this idea that "too much book learning" makes one "like a woman."

Whatever kind of psychological insight I can experience affects my life, but I can't "enlighten" anyone else. In other words, the miserable quality of existence damages everyone: our world is a swamp of misery.

I woke up at 3:30 AM sobbing (again). That's two nights in a row. I got up and sat in the tub drinking a 40 ounce bottle of Ballentine XXX Ale & crying and singing.

I can no longer "romanticize" about some people being "good people" and others being inherently wicked. Some individual personalities are kind, tender, and emotionally mature, whereas others are just rotten, brutal, violent, mean-spirited. One thing is certain: I am a THINKER.

PS
[My philosophical mind processes experiences, true, but the THING-IN-ITSELF, the Will-to-Live, is an impersonal force with its own universal qualities — which are unpleasant by nature (need, want, desire).

Isolation allows me to enjoy my mental faculties.] Schopenhauer is my main source of guidance. On Thursday I will speak to Joyce about getting out of Park Place. I will let her know ~~it really does~~ I don't want to participate, that I see the entire facility as a force engaged in the unethical practice of ~~charging~~ selling a bunch of lies.

I all the deference paid to the ~~values~~ values of our society, the conformity to structure, the 12 Step crap — it all makes me furious that it is considered healthcare. I don't want to participate in the force. I'm sick of the subtle abuse — being at the mercy of counselors pushing positive thinking when

positing thinking, has destroyed the planet.

I have lost my faith in psychiatry. I will endure this miserable existence with honesty and intellectual integrity.

I have also lost my faith in talk therapy, especially the kind where I am mostly expected to shut up. What a crock of shit. I will continue to focus on the problem of existence itself; ~~the~~ perhaps suicide will be my final solution.

I will endure, at least for my mother. Should she die, I really have lost interest in BEING ALIVE.

John Trudell states that those who wish to rule the world want us to lose our "will-to-live"; and yet, it is what it is. Life is not worth living.

I see that "Park Place" does not offer anything that could actually help me heal. ~~It is~~ I have just as good a chance of healing by myself.

I am considering hiding the section: **MAKING THE DARKNESS CONSCIOUS** as it is too revealing. I guess I may even consider hiding the site... Who knows? Who cares?

12
My spirits are low and I've been seeing
facing unpleasant facts. There doesn't
seem to be any meaning or purpose to
our suffering. Should I check out
"Rational Recovery" again, or is that
just another money-making scheme?
I am running out of reasons to
remain alive. Life has taught me not
to want it.

Does it help to remember that
Schopenhauer was mocked by people when
he would take his walks, reading
his notes? Do people wonder why
I just don't kill myself? It really
does seem to be the only way to end
this absurd comedy.

What can I do but try to see
things as they really are, to continue
to try to make some sense of my
suffering through study and meditation?

Now, although I know my mother will
be able to smell beer on my breath
should I indulge, I think I can
handle ~~two~~ ^{two} beers... 24 ounces...

2011.05.14

[~~The~~ I am experiencing feelings similar to what I felt in Federal Way out West, where not only am I talking to myself but actually disturbed by the fact.

It feels like demonic possession. I am not going to discuss this with doctors or therapists. Why not? I don't want the State to "put me away."]

X
[I haven't been in the mood for writing today as I am in a serious funk from a long drinking binge. I walked around all day trying to heal.]

X
[While reading on the bench behind the library - reading my own scribbles, my "spirits" lifted a little as I realized that my ~~wild~~ writings reveal deeper psychological insight into my "insecurity complex" than Schopenhauer's]

X

While walking around Freehold, I really sense both intense hatred toward me (from old racist white men who talk ^{shit} about me amongst themselves wickedly intending to "murder Christ" [see Wilhelm Reich]) as well as from some of the more machismo Mexicans) as well as some emotional support and "love" from many of the more sensitive Mexicans.

I understand the emotional plague Wilhelm Reich discusses. I feel very much like Dostoyevsky's character Prince Myshkin - i.e., "The Idiot". I see that LG could be a mean-spirited man much of the time. I have to protect my spirit, as I am in a place where spirits get eaten. I wonder if the pestilent and arrogant wish to drive me to suicide.

~~with these~~ Not only what I have written on the Internet brings the tyranny of Public Opinion against me, but especially my way of life. I wonder if many resent me for "dwelling among the Mexicans."

Wherever I go, I seem to either be both hated [by ~~those~~ the hateful] and loved by those who recognize my heart. I do not hide my emotions or moods. I can't.

[I reject the moral values of the old European Victorian class and embrace the values of the Native Americans: kindness to children, maximum freedom, love of simplicity; affinity for nature.

I am very much at odds with the machine age (~~the~~ complex technological mass society).

Like the Natives, I have a terrible time in "the city."]

X

[I am currently reading through my notebooks written in 2009 & out of West. It helps to recognize I am experiencing similar psychological pain I here in Freehold as I did in Seattle/Federal Way.]
I AM PAYING THE PRICE FOR MY REBELLION.]

Sunday

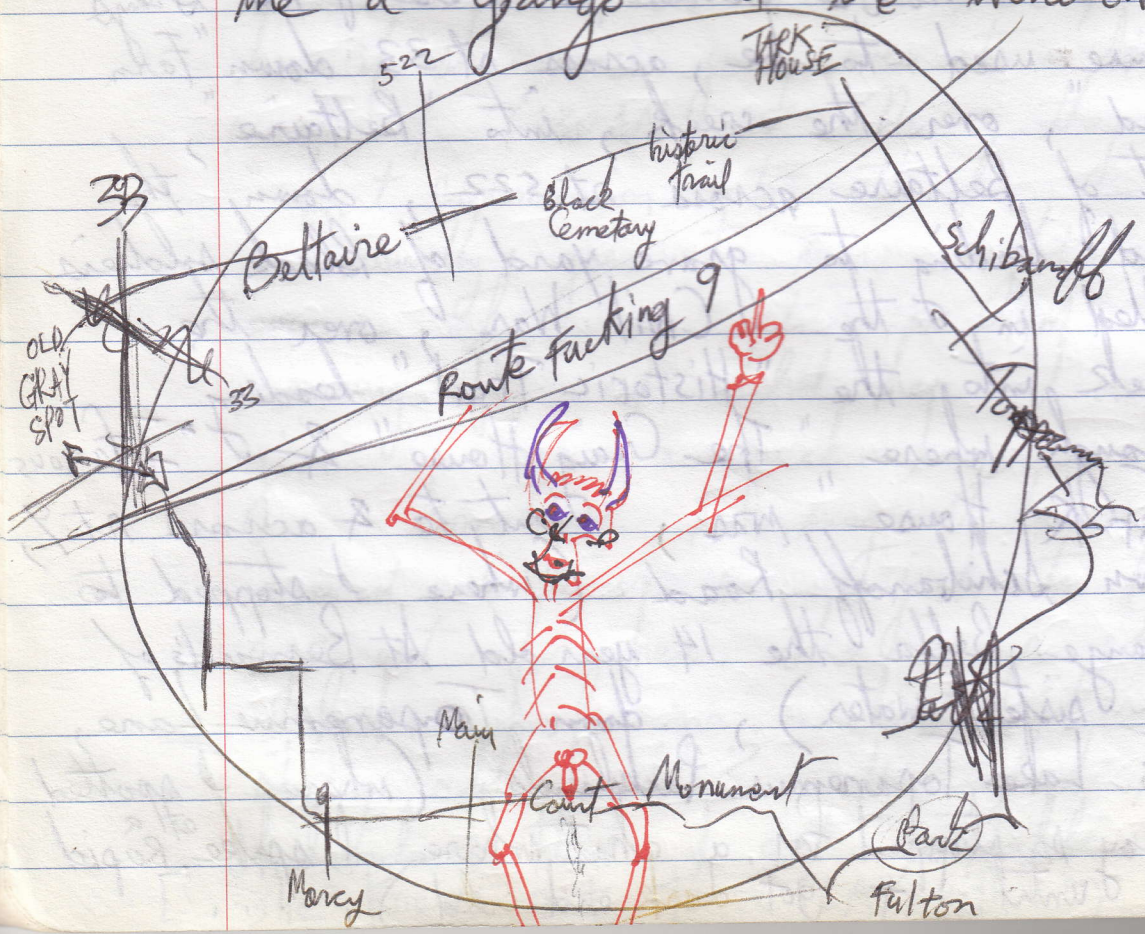
MI MENTE NO SE VENDE

[A beautiful day I experienced today : 5 meals.]
 ① 4:30 AM - 3 eggs ; ② 9 AM - hamburger and baked potato ; ③ noon - 2 bowls of pasta/sauce with wheat noodles ; ④ 5 PM - 1 bowl "
 ⑤ 9 PM - 2 hamburgers, 2 fried potatoes.

[In ~~#~~ between the meals, a great deal of walking outdoors around town, a nap from 12:30 PM to 3:30 PM, and a long 3 hour trek from Barnes & Noble across to where the Grays' house used to be, across rt 33 down "Farm Road", over the creek, into "Beltaire", out of Beltaire across rt 522, down the road leading to grave yard of Black soldiers killed in the Civil War, over the creek into the "Historic Trail" leading through where "The Craig House" & "Infamous Tank House" was, out to & across rt 9, down Schibanoff Road (where I stopped to change Bella the 14 year old St Bernard's of my sister water), down Topanemus Lane, into Lake Topanemus Parklands (where I spotted Dilroy so stopped for a chat where I spoke at a rapid rate until it got dark and cold). . . .]

MI MENTE NO ZE VEIDE

[I continued my trek out of the woods, behold a full moon peeking from behind a dark cloud. Then I cut through the little park near Fulton Street where I lived from 1971 to 1974 (age 4 to 7), making my way through the Monument by the Court House... across Main Street while staring at the full moon until I got to Marcy Street where some little snoot nosed Latino called me a "gringo" out the window.]



[This could be a great RITUAL] a 4 hour journey which includes reading from Antonin Artaud and Sylvia Plath - or even Toole's *A Confederacy of Dunces* or Toltz's *A Fracture of the Hole* or even Vonnegut or Carlin.

Note that the restrooms as well as Starbucks ~~were~~ closed at Barnes & Noble. Fuck it. I had enough coffee all day. [The highlight of the day was me shooting across it of g, leaping over the divider like my own personal Rise of the Apes!]]

[What a day! Upon my return, I am so focused on my studies, my inner life that I can really understand why many would resent my happiness since I supposedly am down the goddamn tubes. Forget the haters!]

In the nap (12:30 - 3:30p), I was amazed with the intensity. Was that lucid dreaming?] I experienced my sexual power.

[ALGEBRA el algebra
 GEOMETRY la geometria
 TRIGONOMETRY el trigonométrico
 CALCULUS el cálculo
 words in Spanish for

+	plus	más (prop)
-	minus	menos
x *	multiply (times)	→ por, multiplicado por
÷ /	divide (dividir)	→ divided by → dividido por
	function	la función
	variable	la variable
	parameter	el parámetro
	limit	el límite
	infinity	infinito
	zero	cero

width
 height
 length

anchura
 altura
 longitud

width
 height
 length
 x

negative
 positive

negativo
 positivo

first primero
 second segundo
 third tercer
 4th, 5th, etc.

fourth cuarto
 fifth quinto
 sixth sexto
 seventh séptimo

ocho
 noveno
 décimo
 eighth
 ninth
 tenth

parallel
dimension
universe
discourse

paralelo =
la dimensión
el universo
el discurso

So
Therefore
Then
if
do

Tan
por consiguiente
entonces
si
haga

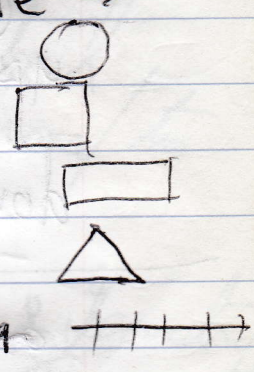
while →

mientras

cube → el cubo
sphere →

circle
square
rectangle
triangle
line

el círculo
el cuadro
el rectángulo
el triángulo
una línea



point

el punto

half

medio



quarter

cuarto



eighth

octavo



← etc .

$$\frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2^3} = \frac{1}{8}$$

octavo

decimo
tenth
ninth
eighth

por
por

[<http://math2.org/math/spanish/eng-span.htm>]

coordinates

coordenado

ordinate

ordenado

axis

x, y

(^xabscisa, ^yordenado)

y

(x, y)

y-coordinate
ordinate

left

izquierdo

right

la derecha

up

↑

encima de

down

↓

abajo

abscissa
x-coordinate

Spanish → abscisa

~~east~~ west

del oeste

←

~~west~~ east

del este

→

north

el norte

↑

south

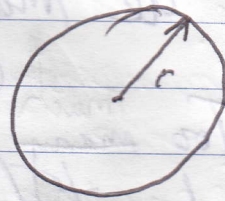
del sur

↓

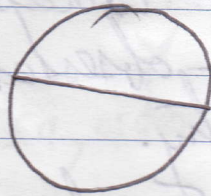
]

More ^{math} words to find:

radius



diameter



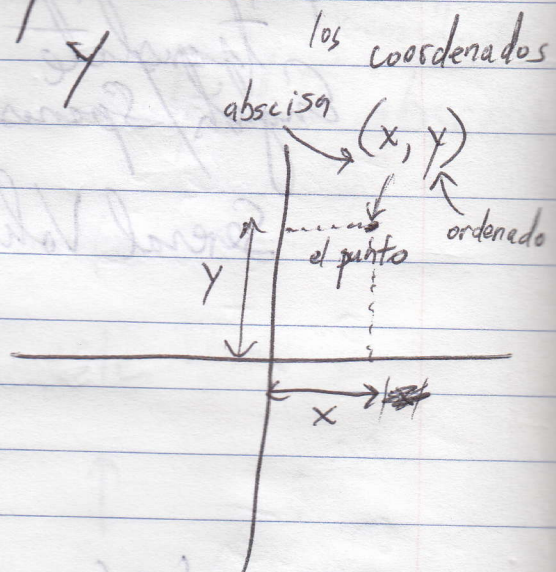
diámetro

si x entonces y
if x then y

mientras x haga y
while x do y

$$f(x) = y$$

f es función
y es "output"
x es "input".



las matemáticas accidentes

Mikey

& The Mathematical Accidents
Mikey y las matemáticas accidentes

portarse mal \rightarrow misbehave

51

Las matemáticas es la reina de filosofía.

$$x \rightarrow \infty$$

x se ~~acercas~~ acerca infinito

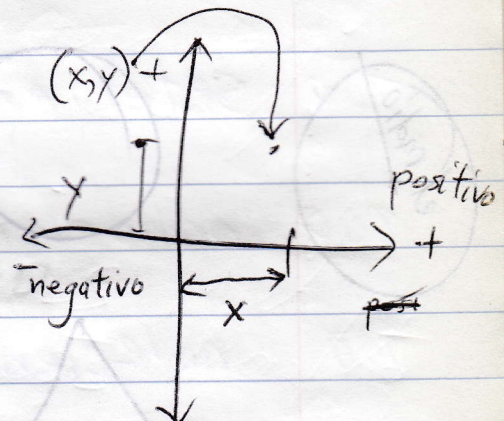
los coordenados

(x, y)

(abscisa, ordenado)

$$f(x) = y$$

↑ función
↖ variables

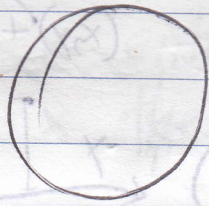
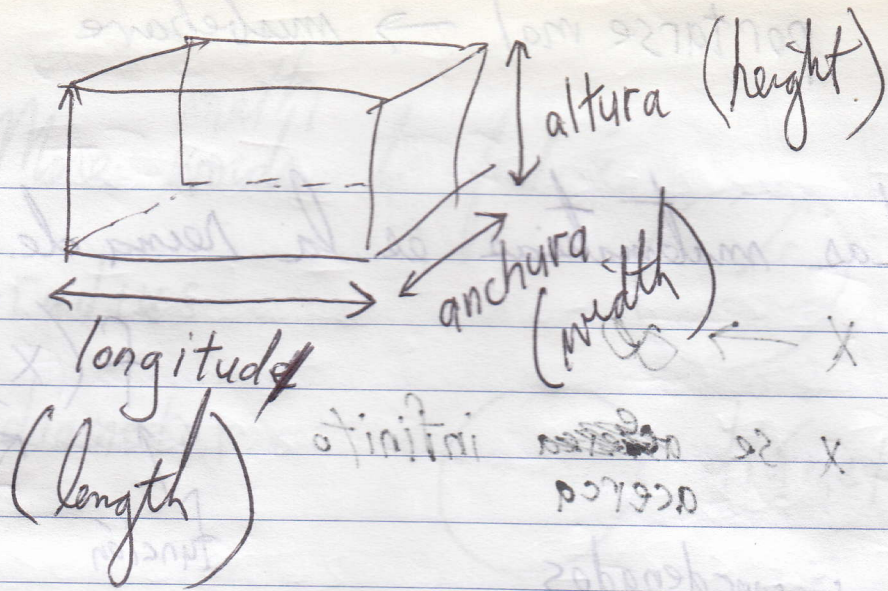


north
el norte
up \rightarrow encima de

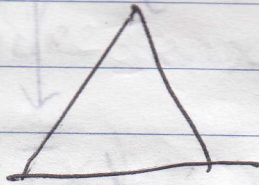
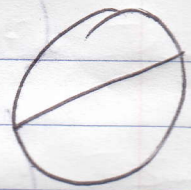
west
del oeste
Left ~~right~~ \rightarrow izquierdo

east
del este
right \rightarrow la derecha

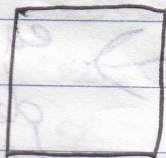
south
el sur
down \rightarrow abajo / a-ba-Kol



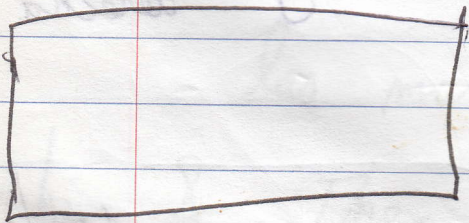
el círculo



el triángulo

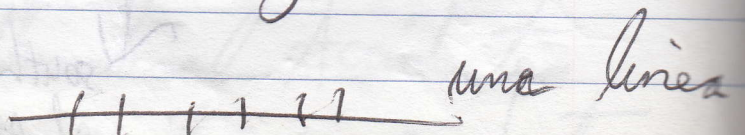


el cuadro



el rectángulo

• el punto



una línea

1st primero
 2nd segundo
 3rd tercera
 4th cuarto
 5th quinto
 6th sexto
 7th séptimo
 8th ocho
 9th nueve
 10th décimo

Women

las mujeres

Moo KHAIR-ES

/ NO-BEN-O

20 veinte / beyn-te/

30 treinta / treyn-ta/

40 cuarenta

50 cincuenta

60 sesenta

70 setenta

80 ochenta

90 noventa

100 cien

125 ciento

/ NO-BEN-TA/

/ syen/

/ see-yen-to

/ benticinco/

linear

200 doscientos /dos syen tos/

300 trescientos /tres - syen - tos/

400 cuatrocientos /KWA TRO SYEN TOS/

500 quinientos /KEEN YEN TOS/

600 seiscientos /SEYS SYEN TOS/

700 setecientos /SET TE SYEN TOS/

800 ochocientos /O CHO SYEN TOS/

900 novecientos /no - be - syen tos/

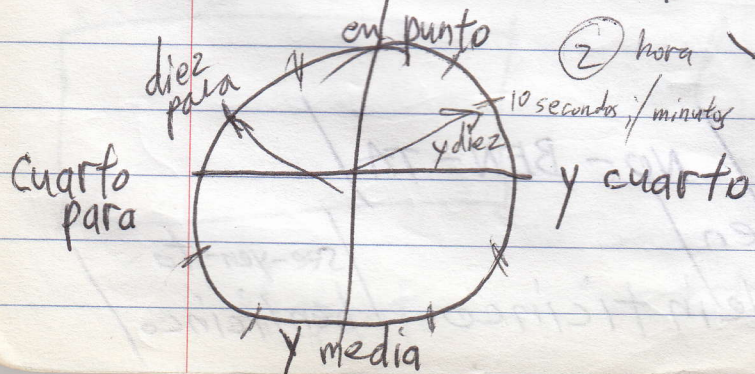
1000 uno mil

666 → seiscientos
sesenta seis

203 doscientos tres

325 trescientos veinticinco

¿a qué hora? " at what time?



fish → el pescado

55

loaf of bread → una barra de pan
/oo na ba tra de pan/

potatoes → las papas

vegetables → la verdura
/LA BAI-DOO-RA/

eggs → los huevos / Los WE-BOS/

bananas → ^{los} plátanos

grocery store → la tienda de
abarrotes
/A-BA-ROO-TOS/

apples → las manzanas /man-sa-nas/

onions → las cebollas
/Las se bo yas/

disabled people → los minusválidos
/mee noos la lee dos/

shirt → la camisa

T-shirt → la camiseta

red rojo/roja → / Ro KHO /
Ro KHA /

blue → azul / a-sool /

O.K. → de acuerdo / de a-ku-er-d

me gusta → I like (it)

Weather → el tiempo

hoy → today

Warm → calor, cold → frío, windy → viento

BYEN-TO

Sunny → sol

raining → llueve

/ yooe-b

"no está lloviendo (ahora)"

snow (nieve)

... snowing → nieva

/ nye-ba /

good meal { 1 cup rice, black beans drained,
peppers & onions, tajita mix, more onion,
garlic; chili / FA-kee-TA /
pepper, pepper, salt,
spinach, squash.



[What a magical day! When I taped up "gangster hippie" shorts of Fred Brown of Federal Way, Washington (state) gave and wore them with both vests (aborigine & brown wool) & leg mocasins, with chest exposed, I saw Nati on Main Street.

We were preparing to cross. I was able to block traffic for her and her little band (otra mujere y niños).

I also told her about my idea to compose a book for mathematics, with English / Spanish translations beside diagrams.]

Upon seeing Nati, I realize this has always been a dream of mine since around 2003 when I first met Nati at the 6-12.

Eight years ago! WOW. She has been through a great deal - tragedy for a woman; but, I know her true beauty.

2011.05.23

0
X

[From my 2009 "Notes From Seattle" :

Scientific farming alternates with military
drugging and state-ordered meaningless
tasks intended for NO PURPOSE, but to subject
the entire community to the experience
of collective dysphoria.

This is what these damn day-programs
and psychiatric surveillance is about.

Very productive workers are often quite
deficient in their intellectual capacity.

In our current economy, the real political
~~the~~ dilemma everywhere is keeping people
occupied. jobs are invented by
government agencies and corporations; both
employ millions and millions of people
for which they have no real use.

A rise in stock value can be engineered
by eliminating thousands of useless jobs.

This is done regularly.

By inventing our own "work", we might
cause stockpiles throughout the economy.]

Centavos Cero (ZERO CENTS)

There are parallels between the macrocosm of our society and the microcosm at Pack Place and institutions like it around the IW.

Once the doctrine of "exclusive salvation" for the cooperative (and damnation for the critic) is clearly established, rulers will never be seriously questioned.



[Some of these penniless days are among the very best days of my life. The rituals get me through... Walking, going to library, picking up free bread, stopping by the apartment for coffee, all the while going over my notes.]

By 1:30 PM or 2 I even lay down for a long ^{NAP} ~~nap~~, rising by 5 ~~PM~~ with coffee, ready to walk. After dinner I could go to the Barnes & Noble to read their books, but usually prefer to study in the privacy of my domicile.



24 May 2011 Tues.

Another great night's sleep at 7 Marcy St., APT B in Freehold.

17

[Why does the current psychiatric industry ignore the philosophers, the phenomenologists and those who have pointed out the political nature of psychiatric diagnoses?]

In going through my notes from 2009, as I sift through the ^{traces of} drama and anxiety, I take note of crucial ideas.

I don't need to explain these ideas to anyone. I'm just trying to understand my world.

"Melancholy is the forerunner of Heidegger's anguish as the *Stimmung* of thought. This anguish is an indication of our affinity with nature."

"The death drive is an intrapsychic manifestation of a phylogenetic inheritance going back to inorganic matter."]

[What I find so insulting about so-called mental health-care is that it claims to be some kind of legitimate treatment for the unpleasant ups & downs of experience, when

I am clearly closer to the heart of the matter when I thinking in solitude. I can only issue a warning to others caught in the web of ^{the} mental healthcare industry.

Psychology has always been a business. Today it is quite a powerful industry all tied up with the legal, penal, educational, and welfare systems.

Merleau-Ponty's Phenomenology of Perception attempts to define a method for getting closer to the present and living reality.

So, another gripe I have toward psychiatry and other pseudo-science is that they proclaim to explain the unexplainable.

The ~~Mathematical~~ Accidental Mathematicians
Los Accidentes Matemáticos

[Woman was dethroned through the advent of private property. Also from 2009: Our body is the instrument of our grasp on the world.]

87
X
Concerning these re-emerging feelings about Nati:

[Subhana Banzaghi writes, "The SHADOW comes back in the form of erotic fantasies, attractions, romantic projections, that haunt us until we understand that there is something very deep there that needs our attention."]

[My confidence in my intuition (inner voices, sexual-emotional attractions, etc.) has grown to a degree where I do not ~~question my~~ write them off as fantasy.]

[Fantasy is a key to our desires.]
Even if I just peek away at gathering resources for the "Math: Spanish/English Manual," this still will add a dimension to my existence that does not end abruptly were I to be incarcerated. Perhaps when I attend Park Place this week, I will be able to show how unnecessary the entire force of "Behavioral Healthcare" is. Maybe I can "keep my wits about me."



25 May 2011 Wed

When I called Shalonda this morning, we spoke about very radical things. She wants to take a ride to Maryland to look for abandoned house to set up for future squatting. Wow. I love the way her mind works! ~~I told her~~

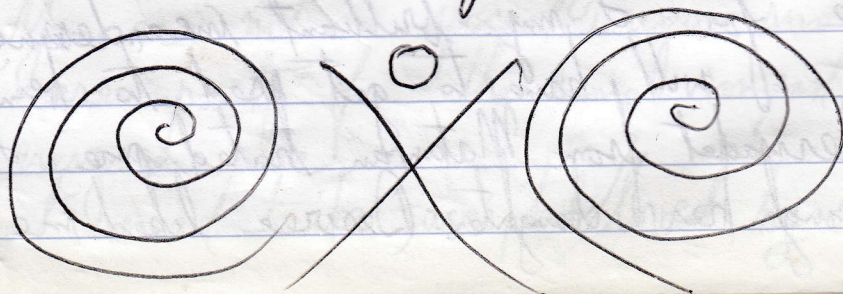
When saying goodbye I actually told her, "I love you, Shalonda."

It was so natural... must be true.

I am confused about my feelings for Nati and Shalonda — again, simultaneously in love with 2 different women for different reasons. Both are my true sisters.

[The tree at the monument healed me in a way that floored me. It was practically instantaneous the way tree renewed me.]

(long that has since been removed)





25 May 2011 Wed

When I called Shalonda this morning, we spoke about very radical things. She wants to take a ride to Maryland to look for abandoned house to set up for future squatting. Wow. I love the way her mind works! ~~I told her~~

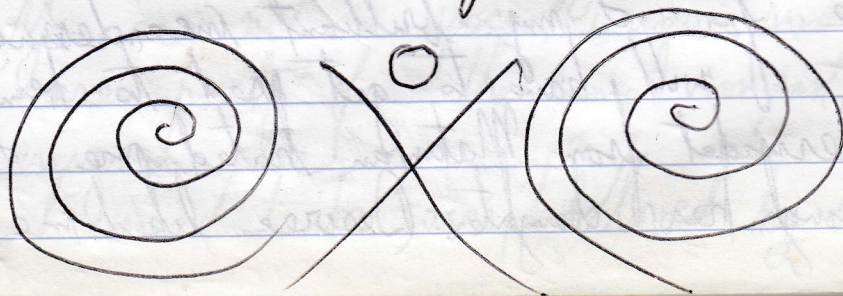
When saying goodbye I actually told her, "I love you, Shalonda."

It was so natural... must be true.

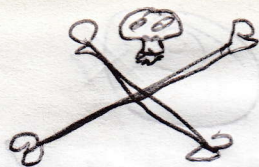
I am confused about my feelings for Nati and Shalonda — again, simultaneously in love with 2 different women for different reasons. Both are my true sisters.

[The tree at the monument healed me in a way that floored me. It was practically instantaneous the way tree renewed me.]

(long that has since been removed)



25
CALCULUS
in everyday
life:



27 May 2011 Friday

[As the number of cars approaches infinity,
the speed they move approaches zero.

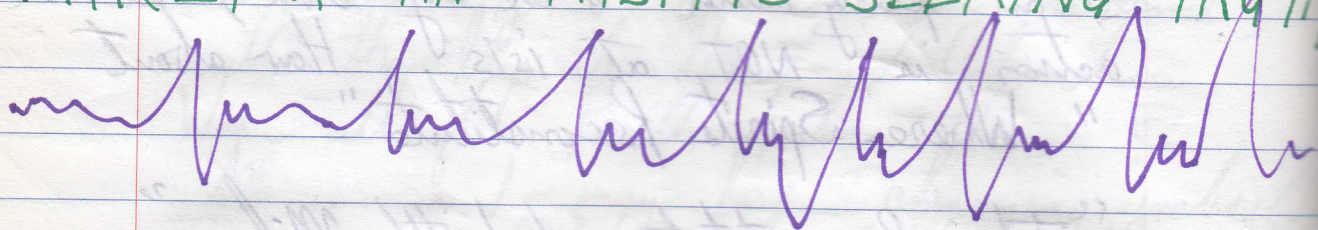
Cuando el numero de los carros acerca infinito,
la velocidad ellos mover acerca cero.]

X
I had asked the mean nasty Puerto Rican she-
who obviously hates me (for my blue eyes and
possibly because of a certain love I
receive from the streets) to give me a
little assistance in translating the above
mathematical truth. She was so incredibly
rude about it that I became furious, I
telling her I didn't need her help,
anyway. As I walked away I
shouted ~~and~~, "I piss on you from a
considerable height."

Evidently there are those who resent
me for my brilliant incandescence.
I will have to get used to being hated.
Bernadette from Matamoros hated me I even
though her daughter Desiree liked me.

{ 5 }

MIKEY & THE MISFITS SEEKING TRUTH



Radically Serious Jokers

2 June 2011 Thursday

Lost phone? Lost contact?

I was drunk when Joe showed up at 5PM. He would not bring me to Schubans Road. I walked over there in a rage. Joe told me, "Don't come over!"

I said, "I'm coming over, anyway." When I got over there I physically attacked my brother-in-law and my father. It was insane. I guess I have some repressed rage. I owe them an apology for putting them in a situation where they might have been forced to hurt me. For that, I am sorry.



[My outbursts about the "hot tocos" embarrass me. Can I save face by apologizing or do I just accept my bizarre behavior?]

X

If I refrain from drinking beer, I can study Spanish with ¡Adelante! Why is it so difficult for me to refrain from drinking beer?

[misbehave → portarse mal
noché pasada ... mistake → ^{mi}error]

It was a big mistake.
ese fue su gran error.

la salsa verde ...
I was drunk (baracho)]

12 June 2011 (Sun)

[From 2006 (February) : Our nervous systems are under constant attack by mind parasites & ideological constructs intended to make the human organism feel hopeless and subdued.
We are fighting for our minds !]

X

[Dream Recall. I was only asleep for one hour when I awoke from a very creepy nightmarish dream... Kind of like "Jacob's Ladder" where demon-like people were tormenting me. It felt like social anxiety, I ~~and~~ or like I was really losing my mind. I was at some kind of "party" where people were smoking weed & (all white people with creepy masks on, painted faces). Could it have been a real place? Some alternate reality? I awoke frightened.]

[I don't remember feeling that kind of fear from a dream in a very long time! It was science-fiction like. I kept getting tickled and poked.

Are these "mind parasites"?

Am I really under some kind of attack? Are these some kind of alien-like beings who strongly dislike me for the "love" some people are displaying for me?

Is it possible to overcome this fear of "losing my mind"?

Is it possible that there is a conspiracy against me to "suicide" me? [How many enemies do I have, anyway? ~~More~~ More than I know, I suppose. I better give alcohol a rest. Maybe it is taking its toll on me.]

PP
[Fear is in our own minds, but those who wish to continue to rule this planet exploit our primal fears.

I wonder if we really do enter a parallel universe when we sleep. How do I defend myself in that realm?]

Demons?



[So many "psychotic episodes" lately that I am not really into keeping track of them.] I attacked my father and brother-in-law in a fit of rage. Now I feel a little shame but I also witness first hand how my father deals with conflicts. He is shutting me out. I guess I do not like to face the fact that my relation to my father has always been strained. I sense the projection. Many suicides have this experience.

X

101

[Lately I have been getting many supportive glances from folks in Downtown Freehold, but I have also caught nasty looks from some motorists driving by. In fact, some white prick in a BMW and I almost had an altercation right off of Main Street. He called me a "LOSER".]

[This is also how the arrogant families from South Jersey [view me, Jim] sure - ignorant, arrogant, materialistic, superficial, pestilent phonies. I hate phonies.]

As for my father, brother-in-law, and sister, well, I guess there is no love lost. I mean, I never get it isn't the first time I've felt alienated from that household. I guess I feel like I am ostracized from by my sister due to my hostility to her rigid religious & piety which repulses and nauseates me. That is no SECRET. REALITY sets in.

2011.06.13



113

When a local Mexican tells me that I "think too much" as if I am supposed to be ashamed of this, even when he says it in a friendly manner, I can't resist becoming irritated. I mean, it brings to mind things written by George Orwell in Down & Out In Paris & London, which I happened to be going over today in my notes from 2006 J(H-93).

I want to commit these to memory so as to have something to shout when I suspect cunts & pricks talking shit about me.

Remember what Joe Fili wrote to me in 1988 when I was in prison:

"If you are going to be different, you have to get used to the idea that your difference will confuse, frighten, and bother people less intelligent or less fortunate than yourself."

And now, on to the next disaster!

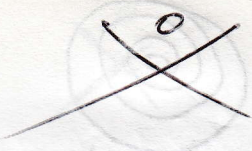
811
81.20.1105
[In Down & Out, Orwell recreates the MOOD and ATTITUDE of the place.

I am angered, when people propagate the idea that work such as washing dishes or digging ditches is "honest work" simply because it is hard and disagreeable. We see a man cutting down a tree and say he is filling a special need simply because he is using his muscle. It doesn't occur to us that he may only be cutting down a beautiful tree to make room for a hideous statue.

"A dishwasher is the slave of a hotel or a restaurant, and his slavery is more or less useless. For, after all, where is the real need of big hotels and smart restaurants?"

Orwell: "I believe that this instinct to perpetuate useless work is, at bottom, simply fear of the mob."

The bosses and owners prefer the mob to be kept
TOO BUSY TO THINK.]



MOOD

Maybe one of the most convincing reasons not to indulge in inebriation or even marijuana-use and tobacco-use would be so as to LIMIT WANT — the miserable condition of NEEDINESS.

When I walk around looking for cash on the ground so I can get a beer, doesn't this just ~~confer~~ give affirmation to those who sell their labor for a handful of dimes?

I wonder if Henderson gets some satisfaction out of Hentrich cleaning his toilets. Chief, Skinny Bones & humbling himself like that could be a prelude to some kind of UPRISING. It's like CHRIST washing feet.



Nothing that is so, is so. Nobody who checks in at my website bothers to read most of what I point to, so I have ceased gassing pearls. I will focus on Nelf Painter's The History of White People so I can "pass it off" to RAY, a scholar of a different caliber. Maybe we can discuss it.



14 June 2011 Tues

Rising from a dream where I was smoking with Billy, although it was only 2AM, I ate a hard-boiled egg and dove back into Nell Painter's The History of White People. Now, nearly 4AM when I usually wake up, I want to ding back into the unconscious, i.e., what ~~the~~ ^{our} ancestors called The Spirit World.

My goal tomorrow is to finish reading Painter's book so as to give the text to Ray. He and I are both scholars of the most OBSCURE variety.

X
I actually am looking forward to some kind of confrontation with "Park Place" this week. I will make it clear what I wrote to the Social Security Administration about how I have lost faith in psychiatry and the so-called "mental health industry." My future is uncertain, true; but so is the future of this civilization itself!

X

some notes from the final chapter of Nell
Painter's The History of White People.

Race is a social concept, not a scientific one. We all evolved in the last 100,000 years from the same small number of tribes that migrated out of Africa. Each person shares 99.99 percent of the genetic material of every other human being. In the genetic sense all people are African descended.

Our species originated in Africa some 1.2 million years ago, evolving from primates like chimpanzees.

Chimpanzees, like most other animals have light skin under dark hair. Shedding that thick coat of hair, humans quickly developed dark skin, and they stayed dark until leaving Africa for cloudier territory about 100,000 years ago, when residence in dark, wintery regions like northern Europe

and northern Asia required another color change, this time from dark to light.

A scarcity of melanin may cost us dearly as global warming exposes the earth to increased ultraviolet radiation.

Human beings' short history relates us all to one another.

A multicultural middle class may diversify the suburbs and college campuses, but the face of poor, segregated inner cities remains black.

ayúdeme pelea los ricos por favor
[No quiero meterme en las problemas.
I don't want to get into trouble.]

16 ~~th~~ June 2011

I really was in a powerful mood today. At the treatment center I was very vocal in condemning the place as a total farce. I told a counselor that I owed less than the \$9000 bill (for one month at Park Place) for my entire college education. I added, "For this?"

I mean I made it clear in no uncertain terms that I ~~would~~ am not at all pleased with being part of this farce hall of mirrors of ~~there's~~ theirs.

On the survey, ~~on~~ I wrote that my own theories are far superior to any mumbo-jumbo offered by Park Place and places like it. ~~I~~ I challenged their authority all throughout the day.

When I returned to Freehold, my Dad picked me up for a meal at Tami's, which ended with her telling me I had "no love" and me storming out.

711
she had mentioned giving me a computer,
but now I don't. I even want
the fucking thing. I don't want
anything from her. I mean this
sincerely.

I ~~am~~ have reached a point where
I don't want anything from her, not
even a meal. — as she must
believe she then has a right to
insult me. She must really be
perturbed upon witnessing the strength
of my spirit power, equating
myself to Christ and John the
Baptist.

Christians only love you when you're
crying. I do believe I am
prepared to reread Nietzsche's
THE ANTICHRIST. I am
actually inspired by this conflict
as I see how strong my
spirit has become. Now...
I am off to see if library is open.

[I find the parallels between Christian Theology and the current "mental health industry" to be quite obvious. The inquisition of conscience, herd morality, fear of the mob. All the horsecrap as a remedy for boredom; the emotional reaction to one who has power, called "God," is constantly sustained. In both there is a certain sense of cruelty against oneself and against others.] My sister is cruel. [There is a hatred of all who think differently; the will to persecute!]

[In common also is the hatred of the spirit, of pride, courage, freedom, liberty of the spirit... a hatred of Joy. Both Christianity / 12 STEPISM and the mental health industry strive to make one SICK - a recipe to make one TAME, to "civilize." It does not matter to the Christian or Muslim or 12 Step Zombie whether something is true. It is only important for it to be believed to be true.]

127

X

Having reread Nietzsche's *The Antichrist*,
I am not so much confused as
I am determined to think for myself.
Schopenhauer wrote honestly, and yet
almost as an aristocrat. Nietzsche
wrote pretentiously, seeming to puff
himself up. Cioran... wrote to
shock. Where do I fit in?

X

When I passed off Nell Painter's ^{to Ray}
The History of White People (c. 2010)!!
we had a long conversation out behind
where the AA meetings are held.
Our conversation was intense and it was
witnessed by several people. We spoke
against the Bible, against the Koran,
against police brutality and the militarization
of the police. He even told
me several stories about the vandalism
and violence that went down at the
Battleground Country Club. Long story short,
Ray and Mikey are scholars/intellectuals.

281
373
RADICALIZED GORTICIDE

19 June 2011 Sunday

Some things I don't even want to write about anymore. All I want to mention is that at a little "fair" across from St. Rose bands were playing all day and into the night. During the day I danced alone in front of some very lame people who looked at me like I was crazy or drunk. I had no booze in me. I became irritated at the site of the dirty looks I was getting. Fucking GORTS!

By the end of the night security offered me a hamburger if I would leave. I was insulted. I refused the hamburger, went home, received a call from my nephew Joey, then went back to the fair ~~seeing~~ staring down the said security dude. Then I ran

from the place. The cops chased me
~~from the place~~ across the street,
 I hit the ground. They searched
 me and told me to stay in
 my apartment. The one cop said
 that if he had any more
 incidents with me, he would
 lock me up.

I did not become overwhelmed
 with grief today; but, instead, made
 chicken soup.

[Dancing with myself again
 That shadow there ... my best friend
 Until the very bitter end

[very low voice]: uh-oh-oh-oh —

I love this place Freehold
~~But the shit is getting fucking~~
 But, truth be told I
 The shit is getting fucking god damn old.] uh-oh-oh-oh
 oh-oh-oh

I may be moving into a Kafkaian
 "Metamorphosis" I like phase where
 I simply exist as this Thingly Presence.



22 June 2011 Wed.

From my mother's test for "heart murmur,
 lipids, h/o rheumatic fever

Doppler colorflow reveals peak flow across
 aortic valve revealed a gradient of 94 mmHg
 peak and mean of 61 suggesting critical
 aortic stenosis.

Moderate mitral regurgitation.

Mild pulmonary hypertension.

Grade 1 LV diastolic dysfunction.

No intracardiac. No pericardial effusion.

There are no safe levels of radiation in
 water! Only 0% is a safe level.
 Science fiction dystopia! I had some
 ideas about embracing my Outsider status

as a badge of honor. My imagination tells me that we & the people are the only characters that matter, that we are the story, the saga, the tragicomedy & drama!

The fact of my genius is what makes this drama such a comedy. It is not that I am a clown that makes the drama so humorous. It is that I am so innocently and unapologetically brilliant & that makes the drama so ironic.

That I at once agree with Afro-centric cosmogony and am also quite advanced mathematically.

X
[The government of Greece is calling for severe austerity measures. The word of austere reveals what the European aristocracy has in mind for its people.]

[austere - stern, uncompromising;
 strict; forbidding - rigorously self-
 disciplined and severely moral;
 abstinent; grave, sober, solemn;
 severely simple; without
 ornament; lacking softness;
 without ~~ex~~ softness; hard;
 sour in flavor

austerity → severity of manner]

Even in a science-fiction-like dystopia,
 there still exists the human element,
 the philosophical wonder at Being.
 There are hidden "spirits"
 "the Invisibles". What are the invisibles?

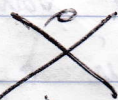
To endure oneself. Tobacco Monster
 without a penny, without a cigarette.
 Endure oneself! Easier said than done.

2011.06.26



some of the more debilitating aspects of attending park place: relapse anxiety, paranoia, constant bombardment with propaganda → disease model; constant talk of God and submission, not enough focus on economic injustice.

If I lapse into alcoholic inebriation, I want to remain calm. I do not want to be a nervous wreck just for drinking a couple porters and yelling at vehicles.



There really is no "rush" in my studies. My counselor at Park Place asks me what I will do with myself? What I am doing now, I suppose. Writing, reading, reflecting, thinking, I eating.

My interest in Brains in Trouble: Motor Dysfunction is motivated by my concern for my mother's health. Her aortic stenosis → she is going for open heart surgery.

[

As I sat under my favorite tree scribbling the last sentence, a young Mexican man came by on crutches. He was missing his entire right foot.

Los minusvalidos / mee noos ba lee dos /
How shall disabled "immigrants" / noncitizens
get the help that would be available to
citizens? Is this how people are
divided, competing for "resources",
such as healthcare, social security,
etc?]

Note: Find out what documents I will
need to renew driver's license with
Freehold Address. I will want to do
this on Friday, June 1st - a priority
before becoming inebriated. Last summer I
spent in the county dungeons I wonder
what is in store for me this summer.
Will I be able to see Rise of the Apes
on August 5th? Does it even matter
if I see it or not? I already
sense I may be some kind of spiritual leader.



29 June 2011 Wed.

[something has definitely changed in me.
I mean, some kind of invisible
transformation is taking place where I
have simply lost patience with stupidity.
I have come to see most
people for the inauthentic phonies
they are. **SYSTEMATIC STUPIDITY**]

I As far as making any statements
such as "I am angry."
or "I have a great deal of
rage," I just don't see the
point. There is only so much
I can stand, and I guess I
have crossed a threshold.

It is a relief to acknowledge this.
No longer do I wish to express my
ideas and feelings to others.

Nobody - and I mean nobody -
wants to hear it. Nobody listens.

Even the website, **RADICALIZED GORTICIDE**,
is just a sad reflection of my
mental isolation. The group
therapy at Park Place really drives

the point home clear: To me,
many people are liars.
Going through my 2007 notes,
I coming across an excerpt
from my 2003 notes, Completing
the square, I became depressed
and angry that I wasted so
much energy and studied so much
mathematics only to be at the
mercy of absolute mathematical
morons.

I am tempted to remove my
website, but I'm sure people do
browse. It is no longer my
concern - posting on the Internet.

Do I want to read something sick?
I really am not in the mood
for fantasy at this time (Joe
Bore's fantasy novel).
I actually enjoy getting into my
own journals to explore
these inner transformations.
What about Chuck Palahniuk. His books
are becoming PIG SHIT.

X

Like Hesse, I do not want to adapt to stupid norms, nor do I wish to run with pack or herd or mob. I have developed the ability to stand alone. I developed this ability in my youth. It is far from being a problem.

I also have great insight into why I seek relief in sleep: the restraints and regimentation of modern society and ~~are~~ what ails me. I do not wish to escape my powerful feelings, but instead to explore and even articulate the nature of my displeasure.

X

Did Jenna say "I love you, Mike" as she walked out of the lunchroom at Park Place ??? That's what people heard... Was she playing or does she see ~~me~~ the real me? Also, I will be going to Park Place just Thursdays from 10AM to NOON

wife → esposa (es pose a)
 what? → que ~~==~~ (KAY)
 where? → donde? (done day)
 why? → por que (pour Kay)
 why not? → ¿como no? (comb oh no)
 who? → ¿quien? (key yen)
 is it? → ¿es? (ace)
~~when?~~ → when → cuando
 Are there? → ¿hay? (eye)
 How do you say? → cómo se dice
 (comb oh say dee say)
 What's this mean? → ¿Que significa?
 (KAY see knee fee Kah)

Documents needed for DL renewal:

expiring license	
renewal form	
6 POINTS of ID	birth cert. 3
	Soc sec card 1
el piso → story	DL 2
	proof of address

liso your address? → ¿su dirección?
(SUE DEED EX SEE OWN)

smooth criminal → el delincuente
I'm drinking it → Yo lo bebo.
(JOE LO BAY BO)

I'm eating it → Yo lo como. (JOE LO COMB OH)

I like it. → Me gusta (MAY GOOSE TAH)

I'm enjoying it. → Yo lo gozo.
(JOE LOW GO SO)

beautiful → bello (BAY Yo) r→d

beautiful heart → corazón bello
(code a zone bay yo)

You have a beautiful heart.

Tú tienes el corazón bello.

handsome → lindo (lean doe)

happy → contento (cone io toe)

comfortable → cómodo (comb oh doe)

smooth → liso (lee so)

solid → sólido (so lee doe)

subtle → sutil (sue teal)

~~hermano~~ → brother → hermano (air ma know)

daughter → hija (ee hah)

grandmother → abuela (obb way la)

grandson → nieto (knee yet to)

very → muy (moo we)

in a moment → momentito (moment tee toe)

a little bit → poquito (poe key toe)

I know → yo se (JOE SAY)

I don't know → ~~yo~~ yo no say (joe no say)

delicious → gustoso (goose toe so)

I'm thirsty → tengo sed (tango said)

I ~~had~~ like → Yo quiero (JOE KEY AID O)

Do you have? → Tú tienes (2 tee yen ace)

chicken → pollo (poe yo)

beef → carne (car neigh)

rice → arroz (add owes)

Where do you live? → ¿Dónde vive? ^{DONE DAY}
vee vay.

Who is this? → ¿De quien es?
(day key yen ace)

also → también (tom bee yen)

with you → contigo (cone tee go)

here → aquí (a key)

I am here with you. Yo es aquí contigo.

can you? → puede (p'way dthay)

What do you want? → ¿qué quiere?
(KAY KEY ED DIE)

lawyer → abogado (a bow god oh)
lie → mentiroso (main tee'd oh so)
weapon → arma (arm a)

heart → corazón (code a zone)
pain → dolor (dole or)

fight → pelea (pay lay a)

help → ayuda (eye you'd a)
help me → ayúdame (eye you'd a may)

Help me fight the rich.
Ayúdame pelear los ricos.

stupendous → estupendo (ace 2 pen doe)
with pleasure → con gusto (cone goose toe)
my pleasure → me gusta (may goose toe)

welcome → bienvenido (bee yen ven knee doe)

I must/need → yo necesito (JoE nay say see toe)

What do you say? → ¿qué dice? KAY DEE SAY

What's new? → ¿qué hay de nuevo?
(Kay eye day new wave oh)

hacksaw → sierra de amero
(see aid a day a mado)
ladder → escalera (ace call aid ah)
thousand → mil (meal)
thousandth → milésimo (me lay see moe)
everybody freeze → todos quietos
(toe dose Key-ate toes)
don't move → no se mueve
(no say moo wave ay)

calm down → calmes (calm may say)
give it to me → démelo (day may low)
don't touch me → no me toque
(no may toe Kay)

I have pain in my wrist → Yo tengo dolor en
me muñeca (Joe tango dole or en
may moo nyek ah)
fingers → dedos; hand (mano)

I don't understand → No entiendo.
(no wayne tee yen doe)
injured → lastimado (loss tee mod oh)
Is this yours? → ¿es suyo?
ace suel yo

knowledge → conocimiento (cone oh see me yen tae)

prime number → el número primo

perimeter → perímetro

partition → la partición

maximum → máximo

inverse → inverso

sphere - la esfera

square - el cuadrado $\{x^2\}$

$\sin(x) \rightarrow \text{sen}(x)$

sine \rightarrow el seno

scientific notation \rightarrow la notación científica

root \rightarrow la raíz

range \rightarrow el rango

quantity \rightarrow la cantidad

quotient \rightarrow el cociente

remainder \rightarrow resto

product \rightarrow el producto

problem \rightarrow el problema

prime \rightarrow primo

more math terms

vector vectorial
velocity la velocidad

volume el volumen

unit la unidad

three-dimensional coordinate system
el sistema coordenado tridimensional

third degree de grado tres

theory - la teoría

theorem - el teorema

tangent - la tangente

symbolic - simbólico

sum - la suma

subject - el tema

h always silent

güe

goo-~~ay~~

güi

goo-ee

z like s in sun

ai ah-ee

ei ay-ee

ie ee-ay

oi oh-ee

6 → seis → say-ees (not says)

peine → PAY-ee-nay (not PAY-nay)

pig → cerdo → SAYR thoh

r is like soft d